

## richie and bev's infinite walk home by fleurmatisse

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**Summary:**

Richie was about to go home and maybe, possibly, definitely mope about Eddie being out of town before the hand on his arm thing. Now he's looking at a redheaded girl whose smile is contradicted by the tension in her jaw.

"Hi, you don't know me, but see that guy in the kitchen doorway?" she says, leaning in to keep her voice down but still be heard over the party going on around them. "He will not take no for an answer, so can you be my boyfriend for a minute?"

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A hand on his arm gets Richie to look up from his phone mid drink. He'd been texting Eddie, half the country between them, and as much as talking to Eddie cheered him up, it was also kind of bumming him out right now. He was about to go home and maybe, possibly, definitely mope about it before the hand on his arm thing. Now he's looking at a redheaded girl whose smile is contradicted by the tension in her jaw.

"Hi, you don't know me, but see that guy in the kitchen doorway?" she says, leaning in to keep her voice down but still be heard over the party going on around them. Richie looks over her head and sees a dude with a red cup similar to Richie's standing in the doorway, watching them. The girl's smile seems more genuine when Richie pulls a face. "He will not take no for an answer, so can you be my boyfriend for a minute?"

"Yeah, no problem, babe," Richie says as he pockets his phone, in case the asshole has super hearing. He also sets his cup down, because it's pretty much empty anyway. Then he drops his voice and says, "Now you can't actually fall in love with me, because my boyfriend isn't into sharing."

The girl laughs and situates herself under his arm, pressing close to his side. "I don't think we have to worry about that. My girlfriend isn't into sharing either. I'm Beverly. Bev. Whichever."

"I'm Richie, or Trashmouth, but that's mostly reserved for when I quote unquote *talk myself into looking like an idiot*," Richie says.

Bev laughs again. "I thought I recognized you," she says, surprising him. "You live in Kay's building."

"No shit," Richie says. "I take it that's the girlfriend who's totally cramping our love story."

"That would be her," Bev confirms. "She's kinda tall, brown hair? Dresses like a grandma?"

Richie thinks he knows who Bev is talking about. “She knows me because she hates me, huh?”

“She says every time she sees you you’re making your mom jokes. I’ve only witnessed one so far.”

Richie shrugs. “Then she’s probably only seen me talking to Eddie.”

Bev smiles. “That’s the boyfriend who’s cramping our love story?”

“Ah, yes,” Richie says with a sigh. He puts a hand on his heart and channels a southern belle. “My dearest Spaghedward. I’m afraid you never stood a chance, Miss Beverly.”

Bev’s laugh drops off as she looks toward the kitchen. “Oh for fuck’s sake.”

Richie follows her gaze and that guy is coming toward them. Bev takes his hand.

“Wanna get out of here?” she asks.

Richie detaches himself from the shelves he’d been leaning on for the better part of half an hour. “How forward of you,” he says as he speedwalks with her out of the building. The guy must have given up, because no one follows them out to the sidewalk. Richie shivers in the chill, which is amplified by the fact that there had been about twenty bodies too many crammed in that apartment. “Fuck, I forgot it’s only April.”

Bev still has a hold of his hand, which he finds he doesn’t mind. “I’d offer you my jacket, but I think you’d rip it in half.”

“At least the idea of chivalry isn’t dead,” Richie says wistfully. They’re walking in the vague direction of his building. “Shall I escort you to Kay’s?”

Bev drops his hand. “If you don’t mind,” she says, almost sounding embarrassed. “I didn’t mean to take you from the party.”

“Don’t worry about it, babe,” Richie says. “I was about to head home to pine anyway.”

“You’re pining after your boyfriend?” Bev asks.

“Well now I’ll be pining after you and what could have been,” Richie says, and Bev shakes her head with a smile. “But yeah, he had to go to New York for some—” He waves a hand in a gesture that explains nothing. “—work thing.”

“For how long?”

“He’s coming back tomorrow night, but that’s basically twelve years away,” Richie says.

“Will he be shocked to learn we’ve eloped?” Bev says seriously.

Richie lets out a surprised laugh. “You’ve already broken the one rule!”

“I would argue you broke it first,” Bev says, hooking her hand in the crook of his arm like they’re a couple from the 40’s.

“It’s true,” Richie says. “I laid eyes on that sweet striped shirt and I was a goner.”

Bev looks down at herself and plucks said shirt away from her chest. “This is Kay’s actually.”

“Do you think she would elope with me?” Richie asks, hunching so he’s level with Bev’s face as he bats his eyelashes.

She shoves him gently away. “Hey, no trying to steal my girlfriend.”

“So you’re saying there’s a chance for me,” Richie says.

“I’m saying she’d destroy you,” Bev replies. Richie cackles.

They joke the rest of the way back to Richie’s building, which isn’t very far, but Richie has decided, by the time they pause so he can unlock the front door, that he loves her.

“Well, Richie, I think you’re the best fake boyfriend a lesbian could ask for,” Bev says in the hallway leading to Kay’s apartment. She lives two floors below Richie, so at least he isn’t permanently

bothering her with the fact that, according to everyone ever, Richie walks like he wears cement shoes.

Richie puts his hands over his heart, gives a heartbroken swoon. "Please, Bev, you can't toy with me this way."

Bev smiles and holds out a hand. She shakes her head when Richie puts his hand in it, but she's laughing, too. "Give me your phone," she says.

Richie sighs, takes his phone out of his pocket, and unlocks it, making a show of being reluctant to take his hand out of hers. She smirks as she types and then hands his phone back with a grin.

"I want to meet the man who stole you away from me," she says.

"There's a two day waiting period," Richie says. "Making up for lost time and all that."

"Then I expect to hear from you in two days. See you around, Richie."

"I'll miss you with every breath, Beverly," Richie swears, and returns to the stairwell as she laughs her way down the hall. He finds a new text chain in his messages with *Gay Wife* as the contact name. He laughs and texts her himself, *I demand to be Bi Husband in your phone* . Then he finally texts Eddie back, even though he's probably already asleep, the old man. As he goes into his apartment, Bev texts back.

It's a screenshot of his contact information, and she's done as he asked, plus a string of emojis: a groom, a ring, glasses, and heart eyes. Richie amends her contact information with a bride, a rainbow flag, David Bowie, and the crying face. He's surprised when Eddie calls him but answers cheerfully.

"Hey, baby, guess what," he says.

"What?" Eddie asks, sounding sleepy.

"I married a lesbian oh the way home from the party," he says.

"That's nice, Rich," Eddie says. Definitely sleepy. God, Richie loves

him. Richie will probably get a text in the morning, once it catches up with him, demanding who the hell he married and he better have just been joking. Richie can't wait.

For now, he says, "Did you want me to sing you to sleep? Because I've got fuckin' Wonderwall stuck in my head right now."

"If you sing Wonderwall at me one more time, we're breaking up," Eddie says. He's all talk; he doesn't even hang up when Richie starts belting it out.

### **Author's Note:**

title is a play on nick and norah's infinite playlist idk  
man it's all i could think of  
i swear i'm working on reddie fics but bev & richie  
just keep on being friends and it's so distracting  
anyway hope u enjoyed i'm also on tumblr @  
fleurmatisse where i regularly have it-related  
meltdowns